This Stage, the Ship, vpon whose Decke,
The seas toſt *Pericles*, appeares to ſpeake.

Exit Gower.

Enter Pericles on ſhipboord.

Per. The God of this great vaſt, rebuke theſe ſurges
Which waſh both heauen and hell, and thou haſt
Vpon the Windes command, binde them in Braſſe
Hauing cald them from the deepe, O ſtill
Thy dearning dreadfull thunders, daily quench
Thy nimble ſulpherous flaſhes: O how *Lichorida*?
How does my Queene? then ſtorme venomouſly,
Wilt thou ſpeat all thy ſelfe? the Sea mans whiſtle
Is a whiſper in the eares of death,
Vnheard *Lichorida*? *Lndina*, oh!
Diuineſt patroneſſe, and my wife, gentle
To thoſe that cry by night, conuey thy Deity
Aboard our dauncing Boat, may ſwift the pangs
Of my Queenes trauailes. Now *Lichorida*.

Enter Lycheride.

Lych. Heere is nothing too young for ſuch a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to do:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.
Per. How now *Lycherida*?
Lych. Patience good ſir do not aſſiſt the ſtorme,
Heere's all that is left liuing of your Queene;
A little Daughter, for the ſake of it
Be manly, and take comfort.
Per. O you Gods!
Why do you make vs loue your goodly gifts,
And ſnatch them ſtraight away?
We heere below, recall not what we giue,
And therein may vſe honour with you.
Lych. Patience good ſir, euen for this charge.
Per. Now milde may be thy life,
For a more bluſterous birth had neuer Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy condition;
For thou art the rudelieſt welcome to this world,

That

That euer was Princes
Thou haſt as chiding a
As Fire, Ayre, Water,
To harold thee from th
Euen at the firſt, thy loſ
Thy portage quite, wi
Now the good Gods t

En

1. *Sayl.* what courage
Per. Courage enoug
It hath done to me the
Of this poore infant, th
I would it would be q
1. *Sayl.* Slack the bo
Blow and ſplit thy ſel
2 *Sayl.* But ſea-
kiſſe the Moone: I care
1 *Sayl.* Sir, your Qu
The ſea workes hie, t
And will not lye till th
Per. That's your ſu
1. Pardon vs ſir; thi
ſerued And we are ſtr
Per. As you thinke
Moſt wretched Queen
Lychor. Heere ſhe
Per. A tirrible child
No light, to fire, the
Forgot thee vtterly n
To bring thee hallow
Muſt caſt thee ſcarſel
Where for a Monum
The ayre remaining l
And humming wate
Lying with ſimple ſh
Bid *Neſter* bring me
My Casket and my le